

*The*

# SATURDAY REVIEW

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**The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You The Truth**

*Which is most important ?*

***THE SAFETY OF LONDON or the IMAGINARY  
dignity of the Prime Minister ?***

## YE CITIZENS OF LONDON

*By Lady Houston, D.B.E.*

LONDONERS,

**Y**OU are Citizens of no mean City and yet—the London we love and are so proud of—is the only Capital without any Defence against an invasion from the Air !

**D**O you realise what this means ?

**I**T means that your homes and your children could be destroyed in a few hours.

**A**RE you content—IN ORDER TO PLEASE THE PRIME MINISTER—to remain in this deadly peril ?

**T**HE finest machines and bravest airmen are eagerly waiting to be employed to protect you.

**D**O you want this protection ?

**I** AM told it will cost two hundred thousand pounds, and I will gladly give this sum to save London and its inhabitants from this terrible danger—as a Christmas Present to my Country.

**T**HE Government will do nothing unless YOU tell them THEY MUST accept my offer.

Your true Friend,

LUCY HOUSTON.

**N.B.—We now hear that the Prime Minister is considering this offer.**

## Notes of the Week

### The Folly of Clumsiness

H.M.S. Nelson, writes A.A.B., has run aground at the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour. She has cost more than £7,000,000 to construct, and Lord Rothermere assures us that we could have built and equipped a fleet of aeroplanes to the number of 20,000 for this money. Who can doubt the superiority of 20,000 aeroplanes to one unwieldy battleship, which represents just half our post-war battleship's strength, and has been built to embody the crucial experience obtained at Jutland? When will we give over the folly of building these enormous ships, whether for our mercantile marine, or for our Navy? It remains a monument of extravagance only to be compared to the purchase of the Codex Sinaiticus.

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### Helping Russia

But, in buying the latter, A.A.B. must not forget that "by hook or by crook diplomatic relations must be established with Russia"—*vide* the Prime Minister. The Soviet require funds to buy aeroplanes and—who can tell?—they might come in very useful when the Soviet decide to bomb us!

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### Great Ones of the World

The rebuff to Sir Stafford Cripps, says A.A.B. again, which has been administered by the Trades Union Council, is what I always expected, and for the time being we may hope that this talkative lawyer has found his imitation of his father does not always pay. Mustapha Kemal is about to visit the King of Bulgaria, and his portrait in the papers reminds one how extraordinarily alike all the great ones of this world are; given a clean-shaven face and a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose, and you have them all—emperors, kings, revolutionary high-brows, intellectuals and what-nots. How much more impressive Mustapha Kemal would have been in the old-fashioned Turkish dress, with a tarbush on his head and a scimitar by his side. I suggest that Mustapha Kemal should visit King Carol and compare with remorseful regret the extravagance of Kings and mistresses with the Spartan simplicity of modern Turkey.

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### Scourge of the Income Tax

There is a strong family likeness between the frauds and forgeries of Stavisky and those of other great swindlers of modern times—namely, Bot-

tomley, Kreuger and Hatry. It is curious, however, to notice the different reactions of the different nations to these crimes. We calmly put away our forgers in prison for fourteen years, whereas the French form barricades in the streets, and hammer at the doors of the Assembly, and accuse their Ministers and the police of being accomplices in the crime. The plain truth is that these huge swindles are to a large extent the consequence of excessively high taxation. It is impossible for a man to enjoy the modest income of £3,500 a year unless he inherits or accumulates £100,000, which requires a deal of doing. Men of an adventurous spirit, or expensive tastes, are therefore driven to attempt a short cut to wealth, and if you are going to rob the public it is more easy to do it in millions than in thousands. The safest way of ensuring national honesty is to reduce the Income-tax 3s. or 4s. in the £.

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### Authority of the Machine

It becomes plainer every day that the one object of the Government is to preserve the authority of the Machine. It has been entrusted to such a mediocrity as Lord Stonehaven to keep together the authority of three parties, none of which it represents. Can it be doubted for a moment that, if we were working on the old party lines, any Government with two such failures as that of the Economic World Conference, and the breakdown of the Disarmament Conference, would have been put out by this time? The Machine is the one object for the preservation of which Mr. Baldwin is the guarantee; for it is a lamentable truth that Mr. Baldwin's presence in the House and his prestige in the country is the only thing that keeps the present Government in power. This being so, it is a thousand pities that Mr. Baldwin did not choose a better instrument than Johnny Baird of Ury, now Lord Stonehaven, who is remarkable for his tactlessness and the agility of his limbs, in running after Mr. Baldwin's coat tails.

Mr. Baldwin is notorious, unfortunately, for his favouritism; one of the many temptations which beset a party leader. It is an old saying that if a man cannot be clever he ought to be conciliatory. Lord Stonehaven is neither, his fussy endeavours to reconcile the followers of Messrs. MacDonald, Runciman, Simon, Samuel and the small remnant of real Conservatives, being as futile and ill-designed as is his rudeness to everybody. If a Party Leader can get hold of a man like the late Lord Younger, let him "grapple him to his soul with hooks of steel." But Lord Stonehaven is very far from being a Lord Younger, and until the party gets a manager of real ability it is in grave danger.

### House of Lords Reform

It is plain by this time that the Government has not the slightest intention of reforming the House of Lords. I am indebted to the suggestion of Mr. Douglas Jerrold, whose *Current Comments* in the *English Review* are the best political writing I know, that the Government has a deliberate purpose in declining to touch the House of Lords Reform. If, as Mr. Jerrold suggests, the Government intends to appeal to the electors in '35 on the old grounds of fear, it is obviously useful for them to have a weak House of Lords to point to, as a reason for returning moderate men to office. If you don't return us, the electors will be told, you are in danger of a Socialist Government, with a weak and powerless House of Lords. Mr. George Lansbury, as a leader of the Socialists, is unfortunately out of the picture.

Sir Stafford Cripps is now the bogie man, and certainly we owe a good deal to his candour and courage, for if his programme ever came to be adopted by the British people there would indeed be an end to the British Empire. Of all the characters which a revolution throws up, the revolutionary lawyer is the most dangerous, for he has everything to gain and nothing to lose. The career of the wretched Kerensky ought to be a warning to the British Electorate not on any account to trust a revolutionary lawyer. Lord Parmoor, better known as Sir Alfred Cripps, after having tried in vain to extract a peerage from Mr. Asquith, "went Labour," and he has been rewarded.

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### A Matter of Taste

Amusement being a matter of taste—was it not Sir George Cornwall Lewis who remarked that "life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements?"—it is inevitable that the B.B.C. should come in for yards of criticism. Personally, I am not musical, and dislike the attempt made to teach me "the foundations of music," as I am sure do most of my countrymen. The very name of Bach is repellent to me, and I always enjoy the story of the man who answered the question of the lady, "Is Bach still composing?" "Madam, I should think that Bach is by this time decomposing." So that the musical entertainment provided by the B.B.C. is mere noise and nonsense to one who likes Viennese waltzes. But that, as I said, is a matter of taste with which it is no use quarrelling. When, however, a Committee, formed of a Welshman, two Scotsmen, and an Irish playwright, presume to tell us how we are to pronounce the English language, it is time for educated men to rebel. Bernard Shaw is no doubt a great man nowadays; but he began life as an Irish gossoon, and his English was acquired at Trinity College, Dublin. English is properly pronounced by those who are called, for want of a better definition,

ladies and gentlemen. The pronunciation of the B.B.C. is as absurd as "the Oxford Accent." Its cheek has covered the B.B.C. Committee with ridicule.

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### Righteous Indignation

Osteopathy is the coming branch of Medicine and has not met with due recognition. The British Osteopaths, with great assiduity, have formed a Society of British Osteopaths, with due registration and qualifications. Imagine, then, their indignation when they find a band of Americans calling themselves the British Osteopaths applying to Parliament for a charter of incorporation under that style and title, although there is not a man holding a British medical degree among them! There is, I am afraid, no copyright or property in names. So that the British Osteopaths can only protect themselves against this literary larceny by appealing to such powerful and patriotic champions as Lady Houston, at whose gates the robbed Briton has never knocked in vain.

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### A Free Tip

We will give the Government a free tip. The most popular act they have performed for some time is the sudden additional duty on foreign oats to 60 per cent., because importers had been dumping them to the detriment of farmers on a mere 10 per cent. duty. Not that the public as a whole cared a tinker's cuss about the question of oats as oats. What they did like, and what gave Mr. Walter Elliott a good press, was the sudden resolution and stiffening, whereby within twenty-four hours the duty had been increased by 50 per cent. So little are we accustomed to decision and a show of strength that we are grateful for small mercies as a possible sign of repentance, as an indication, let us say, that at long last the Minister for Agriculture and his friend, the President of the Board of Trade, have sown their wild oats and have turned over a new leaf.

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### Stiffening Our Backs

Another excellent indication was the stiffening in regard to France and her outrageous attempts to squeeze us more and more out of her markets while taking every advantage of ours. The threat to retaliate instantaneously appears to have brought Paris to her senses: and, after all, common sense, in which the French are not deficient, must tell them that if she closes her ports to our coal we can by a stroke of the pen close our ports to her wines, and that is an argument of telling weight. Fashions change in wines, but not in coal. The public are being attracted to South African and other wines which are rough but possess body, and, if French wines become prohibitive, who knows that France would ever recover her market?



### Foresight or Despair!

Is Lord Rothermere also among the prophets? We confess we rubbed our eyes in mild surprise when earlier this week he came out in the *Daily Mail* with whole-hearted support for Sir Oswald Mosley and his "Blackshirts." Is this prescience on his part or is it desperation? After all, for a long, long time the Rothermere Press supported that illicit and fraudulent partnership of Ramsay MacDonald-Baldwin, to dismember the Empire by pretending to be the opposite of what they are. Gradually it seems to have penetrated the brains of Northcliffe House that they were being, to use a vulgar phrase, led up the garden. For two years Lord Rothermere supported the MacDonald-Baldwin junta. Then he began to waver on the subject of India, and now, with increasing determination on the subject of National defence in so perilous a condition. The curious side-light on this is that when the *Daily Mail* bobbed and salaamed to the "National" Government its circulation went down. Now it is showing a robust pro-British attitude it is going up. The *Daily Express*, which reached its peak when Lord Beaverbrook was stumping the country with a strong Imperial policy, is now dropping because his paper is forgetting about it and running sob-stuff and trivialities.

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### Geneva Again

Geneva is once more "in the news"—and so much the worse for the news. A wit has remarked that the only concrete thing that has come out of the seventy-seven meetings of the Council of the League of Nations already held is the firm and unshakeable resolution to hold the seventy-eighth on the part of all concerned. This is perhaps a little severe, but is not without substance. On Monday the seventy-eighth meeting was opened under the presidency of M. Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, with the usual slow-motion business and something or other postponed to the end of the week, but we should not be surprised if our Mr. Anthony Eden, always "on the spot," took advantage privately of the opportunity to congratulate M. Beck on the fine order for Polish coal given by one of our enterprising manufacturers.

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### Bolshevizing the League

The general belief that the League of Nations is in rather a bad way will be confirmed by the news, which appears to be well founded, that Soviet Russia seriously thinks of becoming a member—and that the remaining members are ready to welcome her! Think of it! The Bolsheviks in the League! It is not that the Reds have changed to Whites or, to do them justice,

even to Pale Pinks. They remain red as the Devil, horrible as Hell. At the moment, however, they are seeking support against German and Japanese designs, and hope to get it through the League. That's all. It is possible enough, alas! that our pacifists and sentimentalists may rejoice over the idea of the Soviet in the League, and fondly imagine a change of heart has taken place.

That the Soviet is the Soviet and nothing else is very plain from the fact that, in Moscow, another hideous trial of the Metropolitan-Vickers type is now being staged. The unfortunate men involved are the manager, a Belgian, and five other representatives, all foreigners, of the Control Company, a branch of the Société Générale des Surveillances of Geneva, which has been working in Russia for twelve years. They are charged with "economic espionage," and their trial will doubtless be of the sort that shocked the world last year.

About the only asset the League has left is its oft-asserted "high moral value." With the Bolsheviks in the League, surely that must disappear. And then, what?

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### The Soul of Wine

It is hard to understand why the Mayor of Wrexham should have thought any legislation needed for the definition of Brandy. A case was brought before the Borough magistrates in which a liquid containing a considerable amount of spirit not distilled from the grape was sold as Brandy. Quite rightly, a fine was imposed. The word "Brandy" means "Burnt (distilled) wine." It is derived from the Dutch "Brandewijn," and can only be spirit distilled from the fermented juice of the grape. Cognac, the Brandy *par excellence*, owes its origin to the Dutch, who used to export the white wines of the Charente to Holland and the Indies. These light wines suffered in transit, and a citizen of Cognac, M. Augier, is said to have hit on the idea of distilling this Charente wine, so that its alcoholic essence might travel without damage, and the settler in the Indies had only to add water to have a substitute for his favourite wine. Of course, the substitute had no resemblance to the original wine, but, so it is said, Cognac Brandy was born.

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### Mr. Churchill's Warning

"We have never been—certainly not for hundreds of years—so defenceless as we are now. . . The hideous curse of war from the air has fallen upon the world. . . There is no half-way house for Britain between greatness and ruin."

—Mr. Winston Churchill's Broadcast.



# The Apology of Herr Hitler

By A.A.B.

**I** USE the word apology in the classical sense of the term, as meaning an explanation, not in the colloquial sense as meaning an excuse. A succinct extract has been published of Herr Hitler's book in an English translation, and it is very desirable that the English should know what Herr Hitler is driving at.

The book is a remarkable mixture of sound commonsense and broad political views, with extreme courses, to which, no doubt, he has been driven by his mob supporters. With many of his views I quite agree; with most of his later extreme views I rather violently disagree.

For instance, Herr Hitler says plainly that he regards the Naval and Colonial policy of the Junkers and the Emperor as silly and suicidal. He says that if the Germans had accepted the friendly offers of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the early part of the century for an alliance against Russia, there would have been no such thing as the Soviet, and the European war would have been, if not prevented, at least postponed to another generation. This is perfectly true.

I remember distinctly Mr. Joseph Chamberlain saying that an alliance between Germany, America and Great Britain would have kept the peace of the world for ever. It was at this time, too, that Mr. Winston Churchill offered the German nation what was called the Naval holiday, during which both nations should abstain from ship-building. There was also, at the same time, a very delicate situation regarding the partition of the Portuguese possessions in Africa, which, for its settlement, required a friendly spirit of co-operation. These friendly overtures on the part of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill were roughly brushed aside by von Bülow and the silly levity and boastfulness of the Imperial megalomaniac. The result of this rudeness and absurdity on the part of Germany was, as we all know, the great war.

## Mischievous Marx

Herr Hitler confuses and identifies what is called Marxism with Judaism. What, for convenience, is now called Marxism is a muddled and anarchic socialistic doctrine for the equal division of goods, written and published by that scoundrel Marx, who was an atheist and an anarchist, and who wanted to upset the existing basis of society. He cannot even write clearly or attractively, and I cannot imagine how his mischievous theories have gained so great a hold on the popular mind, except that they were promulgated at a time when the world was in the trough of the great war, and when unemployment was rife. Any statesman who thinks to found his State upon Marxism is doomed to failure, and in these days to derision, for nobody reads Marx now.

Judaism has nothing whatever to do with economic doctrine. It is a religion and a race. There is undoubtedly excuse for Herr Hitler

making this confusion between Judaism and Marxism. It is a fact that most of the leading revolutionists and anarchists at the time of the fall of the Tsar were Jews, and that they were chiefly responsible for some of the worst outrages of those terrible days. It is also true that Austria in her necessity and misery was invaded by a horde of Polish Jews.

That dirty rascal and coward, Bela Kun, was undoubtedly a Jew, and, though Lenin was not a Jew, he was assisted in his most barbarous schemes by members of the Jewish race. In Poland, too, the party of disorder was led by Jews. Lord Beaconsfield has pointed out and proved that, take the world over, the Jews as a race are possessive and pacific and loyal citizens of the country in which they settle. In a country which, like Russia under the Tsarist régime, allowed periodical pogroms, and which forbade Jews to own land, it was hardly to be expected that the Jews should be enthusiastic Tsarists.

## Race and Religion

There are thousands of Jews scattered all over the world who are so not by religion, but by race. They are like the Roman Catholics who are called *non-pratiquants*. Are we to be seriously told that, because a man has a Hittite nose, or has dark skin and hair, and cares nothing for the Jewish religion and does not practise it, and is in other respects indistinguishable from the rest of the community, he is to be debarred from any profitable pursuit? Some of the greatest lawyers, and many of the greatest musicians and artists and doctors, are Jews by race, but not by religion. Are we, for instance, to say to a leading K.C.: "You shall not be promoted to the Bench, though your presence is much needed, because you can't prove your Aryan descent."

What is Aryan? Where are they? How many men know anything about their grandfathers?

It is true that the Jewish predominance in the Press and in the theatre imported a purely materialistic aspect of life into Germany, which had the effect of debasing the high national ideals which formerly united the German race. What is the German race, by the way? It would be interesting to eliminate the Slav element, and see what remains of the German race. The silly and ignorant ravings of Houston Chamberlain have long since been a laughing stock of those who know anything about history or ethnology. Nonsense can never prevail in politics for long. [Can't it? Look at home.—Ed., S.R.]

I for once disagree with Disraeli, and I do not hold with his dictum, that all is race. In the modern world races have so intermingled and intermarried, that race is only one of the factors which contribute to the making of national character.

# The Cat Out of the Bag

By "KIM"

IT is as well that Lord Stonehaven, the Chairman of the Conservative Party, if honest according to his lights, is also indiscreet. He has let the cat out of the bag in respect to the Government's true policy over India. Sir Henry Page Croft has extracted from him the admission that the Conservative Central Office is boycotting those Conservatives who are opposed to the India White Paper policy, which the Government have hitherto pretended is an open question. They have discriminated against the members of the India Defence League and others who oppose the policy of surrender.

Lord Stonehaven's arguments are at least outspoken. He says the Central Office cannot invite people to speak on "Conservative platforms" who have publicly and persistently criticised "the policy which is being pursued by the National Government," that is, the surrender of India to our enemies. In another letter to General Page Croft, he says, "you are seeking to defeat the Government's aims." To these assertions General Page Croft retorts that, while the Whips accept the services of a large number of Conservatives in the House, the Central Office discriminates against them in the constituencies. In fact, it is doing more than discriminate against them. It is attempting to institute a boycott of those genuine Conservatives who are determined so far as it lies in their power to maintain British rule in India, while the obvious Government policy is to hand over power in administration and finance to a limited junta of anti-British Hindus.

## Soothing Syrup

The utter insincerity of the Government lies in the fact that hitherto, until Lord Stonehaven gave the show away, they have pretended the whole thing was *sub judice*. When Mr. Baldwin attended a meeting of the India Committee of the Conservative Party, he emphasised that the Party remained entirely uncommitted to any specific proposals. Dollops of his soothing syrup have been given to restless audiences. On 17th November last, in Edinburgh, Mr. Baldwin said he was "glad to think that many of our party are suspending their judgment until they get the facts before them." But sauce for the Ministerial goose is not sauce for the Conservative gander.

Sir Henry Page Croft has reminded Lord Stonehaven that Ministers "have made numerous definite speeches in which they have endeavoured to commit their followers" to the acceptance of the Report of the Joint Select Committee when it is issued. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who ought to know better, said at the Birmingham Conference, "I am convinced that their proposals are the best possible prospects of increasing British trade in India." With the evidence of the Irish Free State before him, Mr. Neville Chamberlain ought to have been more intelligent than to

make these wild statements. And where was his suspension of judgment?

The fact is, as we see very clearly, that the Government, determined on their headlong course to ruin the Empire by conceding Home Rule to India without any adequate safeguards, are stopping at nothing. They realise as time goes on that more and more opposition is being raised in Conservative circles to their proposals, and that Conservatives, whose loyalty has never hitherto wavered, are rousing themselves to stern defiance. They have subsidised—although by a subterfuge they deny it—an organisation calling itself the Union of Britain and India, which sends out paid speakers to meetings to endeavour to cajole audiences to their surrenderist vows. Ministers trying to stem the flood of public opinion adverse to their policy, say at one moment that nothing is decided, only wait and see, reserve judgment and so on, and in the next go about advocating the India White Paper policy.

## A Pretty Game

Then, when at length the Joint Committee issues its Report, the main recommendations of which are a foregone conclusion, they hope to be able to say to the rank and file, "It is too late to do anything. We are committed to these Reforms" (the word "reform" being the slogan for surrender). "We implore you not to split the Party." They hope that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by reducing the Income Tax as he is fully expected to do, will give the Government sufficient new popularity to enable them to force their India policy through the House, supported by the Socialists and Liberals, and thus to throw aside the so-called "Die-hards" and genuine Conservatives.

That is the plan. It is a pretty game the Conservative Leader, that honest man, is trying to foist on the Party. Meantime real Conservatives like Sir Henry Page Croft, Lord Wolmer, Colonel Gretton, Mr. Winston Churchill, and others who are fighting to save the loss of India and the subsequent destruction of the Empire, are gagged as far as the Conservative Central Office can gag them. I believe, all the same, that their schemes will fail. Conservative electors who voted "National," thinking it was to be "National," are not likely to be duped by the same stampeding tactics again.

It is earnestly to be hoped that Sir Roger Keyes, at Portsmouth, will invite Sir Henry Page Croft and others like him on his platform, and place the principle of the maintenance of power in India in the forefront of his programme. There is reason to think he will, and it will signalise the Writing on the Wall for those political pirates who hope, by gagging, binding and robbing the Conservative Party, to scuttle the ship and get away with the swag.

# "Intellectual and Political India"

## Looks at the White Paper

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

A FEW months ago Mr. Baldwin, speaking with all the authority of a profound acquaintance with Indian conditions, assured us that to implement the White Paper policy was Britain's only chance of retaining the confidence of "intellectual and political India." The people he had in mind were presumably those political hybrids who have just been holding their annual conference in Madras—in other words, the National Liberal Federation of India. He can hardly have referred to the Congress; for even he must be aware that the Congress, which is by far the most influential section of "intellectual and political India," has as much use for the White Paper as a cat has for a vegetarian tract. And if he was thinking, as he must have been, of the "moderates" who compose the National Liberal Federation of India, one wonders what he makes of "intellectual and political India's" latest deliverance on the MacDonald-Baldwin-Hoare panacea.

Never, since the Cardinal-Archbishop of Rheims launched his famous curse against the jackdaw's depredations, has a more comprehensive malediction been hurled at anybody's head than has been visited by the National Liberal Federation of India upon the White Paper policy. The White Paper proposals, it declares (*nemine contradicente*!) "are not calculated to establish any real responsible government in India, either in the provinces or in the Centre." "The Federation records its deliberate conviction that the proposed financial safeguards are both unnecessary and objectionable." "The Federation must object to the powers proposed to be given to the Governor-General to override the will of the legislature." "The Federation objects to the creation of a statutory railway authority to replace the present Railway Board." "The Federation considers the proposals of the White Paper regarding the Services as wholly reactionary and objectionable."

### A Fruitless Search

And so on. By means of dozens of resolutions, taking up several closely printed newspaper columns, the Federation goes through the entire White Paper with a tooth-comb, and finds not one single satisfactory proviso in it. "The Federation condemns the proposals to confer upon the heads of Government, central and provincial, special powers under various names." "The Federation protests against the modification for the worse made by His Majesty's Government in the Lothian Committee's recommendations regarding women's franchise." "The Liberal Federation objects strongly to the extensive special powers proposed to be conferred on Governors," etc. And to conclude: "The National Liberal

Federation of India deems it its duty to record its strong conviction that the White Paper proposals as they stand cannot possibly satisfy even the most moderate section of progressive opinion, and will, far from appeasing unrest and allaying discontent, further aggravate the present unhappy conditions." Speaker after speaker maintained that, bad as was the present system, it was infinitely preferable to the degradations threatened by the White Paper policy.

So there you are. You may search the entire collection of these speeches and resolutions without lighting upon one kindly reference to the White Paper. Mr. Baldwin apparently has still something to learn about "intellectual and political India"! And who, do you think, has been cast for chief villain of the melodrama? Why, Sir Samuel Hoare—Sir Samuel Hoare, who has answered nearly a thousand questions before the Joint Committee, who has won the hearts of all the delegates to most of the conferences, who has been wallowing in kindly sentiments towards his fellow-politicians from the East.

### A Few Bouquets

Here are some of the bouquets which the Federation has to throw at Sir Samuel Hoare. "The Secretary of State's declaration in the House of Commons that Dominion Status is neither the next stage, nor the next but one, violates the spirit of solemn pledges given with the sanction of the British Cabinet and has shaken their faith in the intentions of the British Parliament and people." "The proposals made in the White Paper and elaborated recently by the Secretary of State as conditions precedent to the inauguration of the Federation not only make for undue delay but are neither necessary nor justified." "Sir Samuel Hoare claimed before the Joint Parliamentary Committee that his scheme was capable of development, but that constitution would not take them any nearer to Dominion Status." The last quotation is the very mildest of the things that were said about Sir Samuel. From first to last there is not one single word to suggest that the poor fellow has been even trying to please them! Such is the gratitude of "intellectual and political India."

Of course, as I tried to show in my last letter, these denunciations of the White Paper on the part of the so-called Moderates must be taken with a very big pinch of salt. Their utter insincerity is shown in three ways. First, the absolute and complete unanimity which seems to have prevailed at this remarkable conference. As has been said, there was not a whisper of dissent in the whole chorus of denunciation; not a syllable from any of the participants to indicate that the White



Paper has even the residuum of goodness which the curate was able to discover in his egg. Now such agreement is uncanny. It is unnatural. It is never found in any group of Indian politicians unless there is some deep game on. In the present instance the game is to bounce Mr. MacDonald and the other simpletons of Whitehall into standing by the White Paper.

Another indication of insincerity is the Federation's demand for the speedy Indianisation of the Army, and the withdrawal of British troops from India. If there is one thing the National Liberal Federation of India would view with horror it is the departure of the British Army. If the National Liberal Federates were offered immediate independence accompanied by the withdrawal of British protection, they would reject it as emphatically as they now profess to reject the White Paper.

#### A Ghastly Failure

Of a piece with this humbug is the further demand that "recruiting to the Indian Army, instead of being confined as at present to the so-called martial classes, should be thrown open to all communities and provinces." The authors of

this resolution know perfectly well that in most of the non-martial provinces, especially in Bengal, recruitment for the Army has been a ghastly failure. During the Great War, and after a tremendous amount of tub-thumping, a single battalion was raised in Bengal, and sent to Mesopotamia. When it got there, it was found to be riddled with disease, only sixty men in the whole battalion being capable of marching five miles fully equipped. It could only be sparingly used on communications for fear of spreading disease among the other units; and its only warlike achievement was to murder two of its Indian officers! Then, as now, martial ardour in Bengal took the gunman rather than the soldier as its ideal.

All these denunciations of the White Paper are so much stage thunder. All they amount to is that the "Moderates" pretend to have been promised more than the White Paper offers them, and are bent, if possible, on not getting less. If they do get less, the stage thunder will rise to a deafening climax. If they don't, they need not be expected to show the least gratitude towards Messrs. Baldwin, MacDonald and Hoare.

## "Dizzy's Dictum"

### Toryism In Search of a Leader

By Bryant Irvine

[*"What we want . . . is to establish great principles which may maintain the realm and secure the happiness of the people. Let me see authority once more honoured; a solemn reverence again the habit of our lives; let me see property acknowledging as in the old days of faith, that labour is his twin brother, and that the essence of all tenure is the performance of a duty . . ."* Coningsby.]

THE youthful Egremont was described as "conscious that he wanted an object; and was ever musing over action though as yet ignorant how to act." There are a great many young men in the country to-day who are in the same position. They feel that something must be done and done quickly. But they are ignorant of the principles of action. None of their leaders satisfy their instinctive longings to be of some use to their country.

This has been the position in which young men of every recent generation have discovered themselves. And fortunate are those who can obtain satisfaction. A body of such young men found themselves attracted by Disraeli. Most of them were members of Parliament, and their leader was George Smythe who was taken as the hero in Coningsby, and another prominent member of the group was Lord John Manners, who was the original of Lord Henry Sydney in "Coningsby" and "Tancred." They wanted an object. They

had discovered the need at Cambridge. And Disraeli satisfied it.

"A LEADER," AS HE HAS SAID IN CONINGSBY, "TO BE SUCCESSFUL SHOULD EMBODY IN HIS SYSTEM THE NECESSITIES OF HIS FOLLOWERS: EXPRESS WHAT EVERYONE FEELS, BUT WHICH NO ONE HAS THE ABILITY OR THE COURAGE TO PRONOUNCE." AND DISRAELI WAS ABLE TO DO THIS.

His inspiration came largely from Lord Bolingbroke whom he described as the "ablest writer and most gifted orator of his age." And he was able clearly to point out the object for Tories, and to give hope to the young men. And that object remains as true to-day as it was then. But it is forgotten and unheeded. Disraeli drew his inspiration from a man who had lived many years before him. May we not find the wisdom of Bolingbroke as handed to us by Disraeli as helpful and as vital now as on the day it was written?

The first essential to this Toryism is that it must bring unity to the country. The Young England movement had no fear of the workers. They understood and trusted them. And even to-day there is a real bond of unity between the Peers and the people. But the people demand leadership, and quickly despise the man who tries to say what he thinks will be popular.

There is more sound political sense inarticulately stored in the bones of the English worker than in any nation in the world. But he demands a leader who can express his feelings for him. He can tell when a course is right or wrong from instinct. But he can rarely explain the reason. There would be no difficulty in uniting these "two nations" if the lessons of history were heeded.

And this unity demands a genuine sense of duty as its foundation. "We want" Disraeli said, "in the first place to impress on society that there is such a thing as duty. We don't do that in any spirit of conceit or arrogance; we don't pretend that we are any better than others, but we are anxious to do our duty, and, if so we think we have a right to call on others, whether rich or poor, to do theirs. If that principle of duty had not been lost sight of for the last fifty years, you would never have heard of the classes into which England is divided. . . ."

#### The Ultimate Criterion

And if that was true in 1845, what of to-day? We have now lost the hope of unity. Few politicians can even see any value in it. The National Government is not a unity, because it has no principles. Unity can come only when the object is clearly defined.

And it was in this sense that Disraeli said on another occasion that the rights of Englishmen were five hundred years older than the Rights of Man. The system to which he referred was based on duty. Rights and privileges were only granted when duties were faithfully performed. But the doctrine of duty is not very often preached now. We hear much more of rights, and the duties remain unfulfilled.

A system of this sort is based on character which is always the ultimate criterion of a nation. If the character of the people is destroyed, the history of the nation must be one of decline.

Disraeli was always pointing out that there were far more important things than material wealth. The search for profits has done much to destroy what is a far more valuable and lasting asset, the health and character of the people. And it is in the fight against those who forget the importance of these things, if in no other that the nation should be united.

Such a system must have a Monarch as the symbol of its unity. "The House of Commons," says Coningsby, "is the House of the few; the Sovereign is the sovereign of all. The proper leader of the people is the individual who sits upon the throne. . . . Before such a royal authority . . . the sectional anomalies of our country would disappear."

And in the same book he says, "The tendency of advanced civilisation is, in truth, to pure Monarchy. Monarchy is indeed a government which requires a high degree of civilisation for its full development. It needs the support of free laws and manners, and of a widely-diffused intelligence. Political compromises are not to be tolerated except at periods of rude transition."

#### Tories Without Hope

But we live in an age of compromise. The Conservative Party is no longer conscious of the wisdom which has been handed down by its thinkers for two centuries and more. Toryism can be a force which satisfies the undergraduate, the Peer, and the Miner. But it must be understood and boldly outlined. Thousands of real Tories are without hope in the country to-day. They are waiting for the man who can come and express what they know by instinct is the right course. When he comes there will be unity in the country once again. That is the message of the Young England Group.

But until Toryism is fearlessly preached there must be increasing apathy and despair. Like Egremont the people want an object.

## Air "Disarmament" Myth

By BOYD CABLE

**A**LL the proposals for air "disarmament" are sheer bunkum. Those who believe, or try to make the British public believe, that bombing raids and the wholesale slaughter of helpless non-combatants can be prevented by the restriction or even the total abolition of bombing war-planes, can only be incredibly fooled themselves or trying to fool the public. We are fifth (or sixth if you count in Russia's unknown strength) as an air war Power to-day; and we should be no less fifth or sixth in our ability to prevent air attacks if every war bomber in the world were burned to-day.

There can be no air disarmament which will reduce, much less abolish, the certain use of air bombers and their attacks on populous cities and manufacturing centres. The idea that the wings

of any possible air aggressor can be clipped by agreement to wipe out "offensive" long distance bombers is only a joke that leaves us to laugh on the wrong side of our face.

The plain fact is that commercial passenger and mail planes now approximate so closely to the performance required of a war bomber that many types of them can only be classed as potential war bombers. I'd go even further and say that such machines are not so much peace machines convertible to war use as they are war machines adapted for the moment to commercial use. But, unfortunately, this applies only to the machines of other nations, and not to British.

Examine the qualifications required in a war bomber and a modern commercial plane and you will find little or nothing between them in

essentials of speed, range, fairly good "ceiling," or height attainable with a war load on board, and carrying capacity.

Look again at the comparative performance in these items of the present day war bomber and commercial machine and you will find how close the two have come to be—in foreign (not British) peace aircraft.

A few weeks ago, a new French plane carried twelve persons from Algiers to Le Bourget in  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hours—900 miles at over 170 miles an hour; in America the new trans-continental twin-engined Douglas air liners have a speed of 210 miles per hour and are designed to fly on one engine at 9,000 feet with a full load of fourteen passengers and baggage; the German Heinkel 70 type can carry a ton load at about 220 m.p.h., and their F.38 machines now in regular service between London and Berlin are so eminently suitable for war purposes that Japan has adopted them as long distance bombers.

We have no British machines in use to compare with such performance. In a recent speech at the Mansion House, the Prince of Wales stressed the fact that other countries were building commercial planes with nearly double the speed of ours, and added (still referring to commercial planes) that "it is now necessary to think in terms of cruising speeds of 250 miles an hour and over."

But the best type of bomber in our Air Force is not capable of such speed with war load up, while other nations are building commercial planes convertible to bombers and with a first class war bomber's performance.

#### Blind Flying

I know all the arguments about such machines being helpless against the attack of fighting single-seater "interceptor" machines, but the strength of those arguments has been steadily diminishing in recent years and is now practically nil. The commercial machine converted to war use need be no more helpless against attack than is the war machine designed for the first purpose of long distance bombing and the secondary purpose of defence against air attack.

That Heinkel 70 for example, can be armed and carry two observer-gunnery as well as pilot with forward-firing guns and a full load of bombs; and the Japs are not likely to have adopted as a war plane that Berlin-London F.38 type without being fully satisfied it is capable of putting up a good enough show in fighting as well as bombing.

What is equally or more important to any consideration of our vulnerability to air bombing attacks is the fact that it will not be at all essential that the raiding bomber must be able to defend itself against faster and better fighting interceptors. The good reason for this is that the bombers can, and no doubt would, make their raids under weather conditions which would allow them to avoid being seen at all either by interceptors or by anti-aircraft guns and searchlights on the ground.

It is a commonplace even now that civilian pilots are taking certificates in "blind flying." These pilots must take off, have a hood pulled over the cockpit and so blinded must fly over a triangular

course laid out on their map, must turn exactly over the two outward points and come back to exactly above their starting drome. And every military air force in the world has its pilots trained to a far higher degree of efficiency in such blind flying than the average civilian pilot can ever hope to attain.

If you tune in now to the wave length used by the air stations and machines in the air you will hear a constant series of to and from messages of pilots asking for and receiving reports of their exact position. Such methods of piloting position and directional wireless would also help the war bomber to find his way to the target in the thickest of weather.

#### Needs of a War Bomber

In 1917 and 1918 our own and enemy bombers had to have reasonable visibility to see the ground and pick a course by the guiding land-marks, even although this also meant they could be seen by ground search-lights and gunners and by the fast scout air fighters. That need of visibility no longer exists and the bombers will be in clouds, mist and "thick" weather and be invisible to air and ground defenders. There is, therefore, all the less need for a bomber to be a heavily armed and effective fighting machine. Speed, ceiling enough to find shelter in layers of cloud or mist at varying heights, and weight-carrying capacity are now the important needs of a war bomber; and all these essentials the foreign nations have in their present peace aircraft.

It is not only the existing numbers of such machines we have to consider. When the experimental and testing stages have been passed and a type of machine put into production, it and all its parts are standardised. A nation secretly planning to begin a war with a series of devastating air bombing raids, could quietly amass parts enough for whole fleets of machines, and at a given date the assembling works would speedily start to pour out a stream of machines fitted with bomb racks and guns.

The factories building the fast peace machines would simply speed up production of the same types with a different fuselage and fittings and be immediately switched over to war type building.

It would be idle to suppose the nations would, or to ask them to, refrain from building these fast, long-distance, weight-carrying mail and passenger machines. They are a legitimate need of air transport to-day, and their performances will approximate more and more closely to that of the war bomber. As fast as improvements are made in bombers' performance the improvements will be adopted in peace machines, and actually at the moment the commercial machine is likely to outstrip the war types in essentials of war performance.

While this is so, there can be no real air disarmament. Our only safeguard against air raids is in an Air Force so strong in aircraft and trained personnel and an aircraft industry with equipment and skilled workers so busy building the fastest and best of commercial planes, that a fear of swift and terrible reprisals will dissuade any nation from attacking us.



# The Plight of the Fishing Industry

## How It Is Done—Part II

By "Fish-hawk"

**I**N a preceding article I have endeavoured to give an unexaggerated and simple account of the present state of the fishing industry. In this, I propose to describe work on a trawler, taking the two different types, i.e., single boaters and fleeters.

The difference between the two types, apart from size and other purely technical points, is that single-boaters carry ice, and pack their catch in their own holds, returning to port at the expiration of their trip with their catch. Fleeters, on the other hand, carry no ice, but board their catch each morning into a fish carrier, which brings the catch to market, the fleeters remaining at sea for their full voyage of from five to seven weeks.

### Single Boater Trip

Now let us suppose that we have signed on for a trip in a North Sea single boater. We proceed aboard some two hours before high tide, and as soon as the lock gates are opened we proceed to sea, accompanied by many others. Our destination is known only to the skipper and may be reached in any time from four to 48 hours' steam. Until we reach the fishing ground we shall stand watch and watch—six hours on, six hours off—meals being served at watch time, while the first watch on leaving port is always taken by the mate. As soon as we reach our desired locality the trawl is shot, and from now onwards we shall be hauling our trawl every four hours, day and night, until we have sufficient fish to justify our return to market. If fish is abundant we shall be exceedingly lucky if we get more than four hours' sleep per day, as the catch will probably take three hours to sort, clean and stow.

Single-boaters carry gear on both port and starboard sides, so that if one be damaged the other is put in immediate use, and fishing goes on almost without interruption. The trawl is lowered to the bottom and towed by 3½-inch wire hawsers or warps, the length of wire used being dependent on the depth of water, the usual rule being about three times as much wire as water, e.g., 40 fathoms depth, 120 fathoms of wire from ship to trawl. After four hours' towing, the winch winds in the wires until the other boards are housed in their appropriate gallows.

When the ends of the net reach the gallows the quarter ropes are detached and passed through fair leads to the winch, which winds them up in turn—this operation closing and raising the mouth of the net. Once the footrope is over the bulwarks, the quarter ropes are slacked, allowing the footrope to fall on deck, and the remainder of the net is then hauled in by hand. As the gear is always hauled on the weather side of the ship, the getting in of the net is a wet and unpleasant business.

Once the bag is alongside a becket is passed round the net, and the fish tackle attached, the bag being hauled aboard and held in slings over the fish pounds, into which the fish fall on the bag being opened. The net is immediately shot again, and the work of cleaning, sorting and washing the catch begins at once.

The length of a single-boater trip depends on the abundance of fish, and may last from five to fourteen days, after which we return to port for thirty-six to forty-eight hours before beginning our next trip. Hauling and shooting a trawl is substantially the same in all types of steam trawlers; in fleeters, therefore, we have the same procedure except that we work six-hour hauls, from 12 noon to 6 p.m., 6 p.m. to midnight, midnight to 6 a.m., while from 6 a.m. to midday each trawler is engaged in boarding their catch and repairing gear.

### The Fleet's Casualties

The boarding of fish in small boats is the most dangerous part of a day's work; from this danger is never absent. For only in a full gale is boarding suspended: to a landsman, this work is carried out in weather totally unfit for any small boat. Small boats are tricky things to handle in a rough sea and, when jostling against each other under the lee of a rolling fish carrier, are about the most uncomfortable and dangerous places imaginable. The bulk of the fleet's casualties occur during boarding, and it is safe to say that the risks of fleeing are fully 30 per cent. greater than in any other kind of trawling.

The day's work never varies except in exceptionally rough weather. After the previous night's catch has been boarded, the trawl is shot, and the crew get their dinner, after which one watch will turn in until hauling time, about 5.30. Both watches are on deck for hauling, as in a single-boater, the watches changing at each haul until 6 a.m. From 6 a.m. onward no one turns in, as those not engaged in boarding are mending gear and in charge of the ship. Thus, if catches are big, the only decent rest a man will get will be the five hours after dinner, and *that only every other day*, as the watches swap hours after boarding each morning.

In a fletcher, the trip will last from five to seven weeks, depending on the size of our bunkers. During this time we shall see no sign of land and, unless we form one of the small boat's crew, shall not leave our ship. Formerly there were several fleets working in the North Sea, but now only one remains, a bare fifty ships, out of many hundreds in the olden days.

Fishing is the hardest job in the world, and no finer type of man breathes than our British fishermen—the remedy for the present state of affairs is largely in the public's hands.

# The Apple Wine of England

By Hon. James Best

THE dictionary suggests that the name "Pippin" is derived from the part of the apple that a person with an appendix is careful to avoid; whatever the origin of the word, no better name could be found for so delicious a fruit. Did Isaac Newton make his discovery of the laws of gravity with a "Newton Wonder"? Who was "Annie Elizabeth"? She sounds rather a dear. And why do the Worcester folk call their apple a "Pearmain"?

It is to the cider apples that we must turn if we wish to find real expression in names. "Bloody Butcher" sounds crude, but the red streak in the flesh of the apple explains it. "King's Favorite" should be a royal apple; "Buttery d'Or" is almost poetic, and "Slackma Girdle" obviously betokens repleteness.

## A Debt to the Church

There is a romance in the fermented juice of apples that few appreciate. Like so many other good things, we owe it to the Church. Cider apple trees, they say, were first introduced into England from Normandy in Plantagenet days by the monks of Loders in West Dorset. The monks have gone; Loders remains as one of the most beautiful villages in England, and the cider industry has spread from it through the Western counties. There are still farms in the West Country where cider is given to the agricultural labourers to lubricate their toil in the hot sun, and many a farmhouse keeps its own brew of cider—hard liquor and strong, but refreshing in Summer; very different from the sweet bottled cider that is now so popular with the public.

Cider manufacture has been revolutionised in the last few years. The work began with the efforts of the Bath and West Society in establishing the National Fruit and Cider Research Institute at Long Ashton; it has been continued there, and many of the big manufacturers now have research laboratories of their own. On the farms, too, a better class of cider is in many cases being produced and sold at a profit. Following the example of Dorset, Somerset and Devon have formed federations of farm cider makers, who produce a cider for sale as good as any that comes from the big factories. The National Mark has helped them, ensuring that their cider is produced under clean sanitary conditions and of nothing but English apples.

The process is simple. The apples shaken down from the trees are stored in heaps, either under cover or in the open, until they are ripe; any that are rotten are then thrown out, when the rest are ready for the pulping machine. If necessary, they are first washed, but with care in collection and storage this can be omitted. The ripe apples are thrown into the pulping machine,

where they are ground into pomace by hand or between rollers.

Meanwhile the press is prepared. A wooden mould is placed on the floor of the press, and over it a layer of strong cloth capable of bearing a great strain. Over the cloth and into the mould the wet apple pomace is thrown with large wooden shovels. When it has reached the top of the mould the latter is raised, the cloth with ends folded back over the pomace remaining below; another cloth is then put over the raised mould; and so on until it is not possible to build what is known as the "cheese" any higher.

Already the golden liquid is pouring from the bottom of the press, but it is not until the upper part of it is levered down with long iron bars that the great flush of juice comes, then out it rushes as fast as men can bale or pump it from the cask let into the floor, into which the liquid falls. It is left for a few days in an open "keiving" cask where a scum forms on its surface; when this has been skimmed off the cider is transferred to the fermenting barrel, where it remains until it is ready for filtering. The fermentation is natural from the yeasts that exist on the skins of the apples. The rate of "working" varies with the kind of apple, but more particularly with the weather, cold conditions naturally retarding it. At the height of fermentation the cider foams and bubbles.

## Fermentation and Filtering

Steps have to be taken that the air cannot reach the cider in the later stages of fermentation when there is not sufficient gas driven off from the juice to exclude it; otherwise acid conditions may set in and the cider be ruined. As is the case with wine, the sugar in the juice is broken up by the process of fermentation into alcohol and carbon dioxide. The longer the cider is allowed to "work," the stronger and less sweet it becomes. The fermentation can be stopped, however, either by the old-fashioned method of sulphuring, or by the more modern system of filtering through paper pulp, by which means the yeasts are removed. The modern farmer knows the right time to filter by testing the gravity of the juice with a hydrometer. After filtering, the cider is allowed to rest in the cask until late Spring, when it is ready for bottling.

Pectin, which is used by jam manufacturers, is made to a great extent from apple pips. If the farmer can find no sale for the residue pressed pomace as the material for making pectin, then he can feed it to his stock, or the man with a few pheasants can throw it out into his coverts; the birds love the pips.

There is a special charm in working where the sweet aroma of ripe apples scents the air, and a great joy in writing of one of the few branches of farming that pays.

## INSIDE INFORMATION

(Being a confidential letter from one Wandering Boy  
to J. R. M., another.)

Dear James, you'll have had, or you'll very soon get,  
My latest report to the Cabinet  
Of the conversations I lately had  
With Mussolini (a Duce of a lad !)  
The F.O. is putting the finishing touches  
On what I may say—you'll have guessed as much—is  
Three parts the doings and seven parts guff ;  
In short, precisely the sort of stuff  
That the poor old *Times*, and all the dear people  
With disarmament bats in their beetling steeple,  
And of course the League of Nations Union  
And Lord R. Cecil go simply loony on.  
But the truth is (this for your private ear)  
They don't give a hoot for it over here,  
And I'm bound to add, if I say what's true,  
That they don't think a terrible lot of you.  
I told them you're great, but they still insist  
That you're only a half-baked Socialist,  
Whose actions during the war were not  
By any means those of a patriot,  
And Someone (I'd better not name any names)  
Called you a *Sacco di Vento*, James,  
With nothing inside you but wurrds, wurrds, wurrds,  
As void of sense as the twitter of birds.  
More serious far, as I'm sure you'll agree,  
They didn't seem to think much of me.  
Of course, to my face they were quite all right  
(Italians are nothing if not polite),  
But I overheard Someone say, " Simon ! Pish !  
He hasn't the guts of a frozen fish."  
And the things they said about Henderson,  
Well, I really oughtn't to pass them on,  
Though (*entre nous*) I laughed till it hurt  
When Somebody called him a stuffed dress shirt.

Now the simple truth of the matter, James,  
Is they think we're up to all sorts of games,  
And the thing that beats them, without a doubt,  
Is all this continuous running about,  
Hither and yon, without reason or hope,  
Like an Illinois drummer peddling soap.  
They know and I know, and you know well  
That Disarmament's not worth a whoop in Hell,  
That the League'll go phut just as soon as we tire  
Of pulling French chestnuts out of the fire.  
Would it seem, I wonder, a shade uncouth  
If I told Mussolini the simple truth,  
That we hang about Paris, Geneva and Rome  
Because nobody loves us or wants us at home,  
And the N.G.'s prospects are much more bright  
If Ramsay and Simon keep out of sight?  
Best not, perhaps, for what does it matter  
If all our chasing around and our chatter  
Makes Britain look weak and ridiculous  
If it keeps the fool voter from turning on US.  
HAMADRYAD.



# Trade that has Never been Free !

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

[This article was written nearly two years ago, and yet only during the present week has the Import Duties Advisory Committee—CHARGED WITH THE TASK OF PROTECTING OUR INDUSTRIES AGAINST UNFAIR COMPETITION—acted.

Foreign dumpers—receiving large subsidies from their States—have during this time been busy dumping goods into this country.

British farmers' prices were brought down ruinously—but now we hope that the new 60 per cent. duty will help this great industry to recover if it is not too late.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW claims to have awakened these Rip van Winkles, for now they are beginning to take notice.

Why?

Because they are so anxious to help British farmers?—or—

BECAUSE THEY ARE AFRAID OF LADY HOUSTON ?]

**T**HE Spiritual Home of Politicians must be—Hades!! For the Bible tells us that Satan is the Father of all Liars. And—FREE TRADE—is about the biggest LIE that was ever invented.

FREE TRADE!! To whom is it—Free Trade? It is FREE TRADE—ONLY to foreigners—who dump down their slave produced goods into Great Britain—at prices with which no Britisher can compete. But—TRADE—BOUND HAND AND FOOT—TRADE—FETTERED AT EVERY POINT—is the only TRADE—Britishers get—and there is nothing “FREE” about it.

Have you not tried it long enough? This—FREE TRADE? Has it not done you ENOUGH harm?

Look at the state of your farms—your cattle—your land—and at the miserable conditions under which every Trade and Industry now exists! Look at your Bank Balance—if you have any.

ALL THIS MISERY IS DUE TO FREE TRADE.

This poisonous weed—FREE TRADE—chokes all the vitality out of us—its policy is to destroy—and those men who still believe in it—and preach it—or preach it and do not believe in it—are

## ENEMIES

AND AS ENEMIES THEY SHOULD BE TREATED.

The Old Strong CONSERVATIVE Policy was to enrich GREAT BRITAIN and its people—NOT other Nations. Agriculture then was smiling and gay—farmers were prosperous and had farms they were proud of—there was no unemployment—everyone was busy and contented.

THIS IS THE POLICY TO WHICH WE MUST RETURN.

And why should we not return to it? Simply because false lying words called Nationalism—Socialism—Liberalism and Free Trade—have hypnotised and doped you. Judge by results—for that is the only way to judge—and results prove that the wealth of Great Britain has been squandered on foreign countries—and the men who have done this have left their own Nation—naked and unprotected.

## INTERNATIONALISM

is the word they adore—a word I warn you to beware of—so dangerous to Britishers that if only I knew any bad language I should say “INTERNATIONALISM”! For Internationalism is an excuse for everything that is underhand and tricky that WORKS AGAINST THE NATION—For all the Peace Conferences (that end in War)—For millions of money taken from us and sent abroad—For paying America when no other Nation pays US—For dragging down our Defences—the ARMY—the NAVY—the AIR FORCE—and for every ILL these Unjust Stewards can devise for our downfall. Leaders indeed! Leaders—leading us down the Path that leads to Destruction—For it is Free Trade—Shameless Taxation and Socialism that has shipwrecked THIS NATION, ONCE THE WEALTHIEST AND MOST PROSPEROUS NATION IN THE WORLD.

When our Dear Ones were fighting and dying for us—in the War—Ramsay MacDonald said “FOLLOW RUSSIA.” Russia!—who dragged their Czar and Czarina—their little Prince—and their three beautiful young Princesses—into a filthy dungeon—knee deep with human blood and entrails—and FOULLY MURDERED THEM.

Following Russia would have been doing as Russia did.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE MUST NEVER FORGET.

Common sense exhorts the Country to get rid of these Wreckers—(and as they are so fond of Russia)—SEND THEM THERE—en route for their Spiritual Home—And in their place put men who love their Country—men who put HER interests first—men who do not care a hoot for Russia or Internationalism—whose one aim is to see Great Britain happy and glorious—wealthy and prosperous—as she was and could be again if you have the pluck to act as Wisdom dictates. For the whole world is aghast at us for being such FOOLS.

This plain, unvarnished, unadulterated, terrible

## TRUTH

urged and dictated by Patriotism—is written with the hope of helping you to see things as THEY REALLY ARE.



It was the day of the great battle  
and the sun was shining brightly



## England's Most Beautiful Queen



"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea . . .  
Bride of the heir of the Kings of the sea."

*Tennyson.*



## SERIAL The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

*Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by The Boswell Publishing Co., Ltd., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world.*

THE Government then introduced a new public Safety Bill on February 7, 1929, which passed this time by a majority of one vote. This was followed by the sensational arrest of thirty-one Communists from all over India on March 20, on a charge of conspiracy and "waging war against the King." These men, brought to justice in the Meerut Conspiracy Trial still proceeding (November, 1930), included Bradley, Spratt—Hutchinson was arrested three months later—and the leading Indian members of the Girni Kamgar Union: the President, A. A. Alwe, the Vice-Presidents, S. H. Jhabwalla, R. S. Nimkar, the General Secretary, S. A. Dange, the Assistant Secretary, K. N. Joglekar, and the Treasurer, S. V. Ghatge. Three of the thirty-one—Dange, Shaikat Usmani and Muzuffar Ahmed—had been sentenced in the Cawnpore Conspiracy trial five years earlier, and were also leading members of the Workers' and Peasants' Party that now served as a camouflage for the Communist Party, and to which the greater number of the accused belonged. A very representative group had thus been rounded up, but a number of dangerous conspirators had still been left at large, and a further outrage took place on April 8 at Delhi. The Legislative Assembly had just passed the new Trade Disputes Act and was about to begin a discussion on the Public Safety Bill, when two bombs were thrown, from the gallery into the midst of the Government benches, injuring four members. The perpetrators of the crime, arrested on the spot, were found to be paid agents of a Communist organisation—Bhagat Singh, a Punjabi, and Butukeshwara Datt, a Bengali.

### The Hand of Moscow

This led to a further round-up, and on July 10 16 conspirators, including Bhagat Singh and Datt, were brought to trial at Lahore on the charges including those of being implicated in the murder of Mr. Saunders, of conspiracy against the King, of organising a revolutionary army, of manufacturing and throwing bombs, and of further plots to murder officials. The revolutionary army referred to appears to have been the "Hindustan Socialist Republican Army," known as the "Hindustani Seva Dal Volunteer Corps of the All-Indian National Congress," organised on a military basis and affiliated to the League against Imperialism.

Throughout the whole of this period the hand of Moscow had been clearly visible. The All-India Trade Union Congress had affiliated with the League against Imperialism in December, 1928, and four avowed Communists were elected to its Executive. By the order of Moscow on June 12, 1929, even the most extreme Nationalist

leaders were to be removed; affiliation with the Pan-Pacific Trade Union Secretariat was also ordered. In March *Pravda* had declared that the battles in India "are now part of the World Revolution, led, organised and watched over by the Communist International"; in July it devoted eight columns to an analysis of the position in India, showing that Moscow was not only heavily subsidising the revolutionary movement there, but maintaining its own spies and agents, and again admitting that it was out to destroy British power in India.

### An Amusing Situation

The advent of the Labour Party to office in June, 1929, did nothing to moderate the streams of invective poured out against the Government of Great Britain in the Soviet Press, and one is again led to wonder why Moscow should display this hatred of a Party that had done so much to further its aims. Its representatives in Parliament and its official organ, the *Daily Herald*, acted consistently as its advocates whenever the Soviet regime met 'with condemnation in any other quarter; the leaders of the Party were on the best terms with the representatives of the Soviet in London, seeing them off, as has been said, with tears and embraces when these worthies were driven out by the Tory Government, and ever since that fatal spring of 1927 the Labour Party had never ceased to press for a renewal of diplomatic relations, even incorporating this demand in its election programme.

As to India, no body of people had done more than the Labour Party to hasten the realisation of Moscow's principal aim, severance from the British Empire, though publicly advocating only the first step to this end, self-government or Home Rule. In this task it had been ably seconded by the Theosophical Society, whose leading members were large shareholders in the Victoria House Printing Company by which their official organ, the *Daily Herald*, was produced, and who habitually provided a platform for advocates of Indian "Home Rule." The following passage from a pamphlet by Mrs. Besant herself conveys some idea of the hatred entertained by this group for men who stood for the honour of the British Raj:

Consider the writings of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, of Lord Sydenham and other returned Anglo-Indians, blinded with having wielded autocratic power, and accustomed to ignore common human rights . . . these and other returned officials and non-officials are poisoning the once healthy life of Britain and lowering the tone of British life.

This phraseology is curiously reminiscent of the epithets of "brigands" and "ragamuffins" applied by the revolutionaries of France in 1792 to the law-abiding elements in the crowds who dared to call out "Vive le Roi!"



## SERIAL

Besides receiving support from the Theosophists, the *Daily Herald* was also partly maintained with Indian money, principally Hindu, a circumstance which led to an amusing situation in 1921 when that organ, after applauding the Moplah rising as a revolt against the British Raj, suddenly discovered that the Moplahs, who were Moslems, had also been killing Hindus, and hastily dropped the subject. More recently it appears that Moslem agitators recognised the utility of winning the *Daily Herald's* support, for at the moment of writing (November 1930) Mahommed Ali—one of the two famous Ali brothers mentioned earlier in this book—has publicly admitted at the Round Table Conference that he helped to stabilise financially the *Daily Herald*.

The real relations existing between the leaders of the Labour Party and the Indian revolutionaries was shown by the following incident.

An old Nationalist agitator, Lala Lajpat Rai, had been deported from India for sedition in 1907, and spent his time in America during the War, helping the German and Indian revolutionaries to stir up trouble against the British. At the instance of Colonel Wedgwood he had been allowed by Mr. Montagu to return to India unconditionally after the War. Lajpat Rai at once resumed his anti-British agitation, and was at least twice convicted and sentenced to imprisonment. On August 27, 1928, the *Daily Telegraph* reported that he had made a slashing attack on Mr. Tom Johnston, Labour Member for Dundee, and went on to say:

He [Lala Lajpat Rai] then proceeds to trounce Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Snowden as Imperialists who, like Mr. Johnston, do not know the rudiments of Socialism, and are only disguised wolves who want to help the Empire to subjugate other nations.

This was, of course, calculated to inspire the British public with confidence in the leaders of the Labour Party as the defenders of Imperial interests. Three months later, however, Lajpat Rai died, and the following comments appeared in the *Daily Herald*:

"I am very much shocked at hearing of the death of my very old friend Lala Lajpat Rai," said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to a representative of the Indian News Service, "he was the most single-minded Indian I have ever known. I am very, very sorry to hear of his death. It is a great loss to India!" Colonel Wedgwood exclaimed: "A good man gone! I feel it as a personal loss. India can ill spare a leader of the type of Lala Lajpat Rai at this critical time in her history."

It would therefore be a mistake to conclude that because the Labour Party has frequently met with abuse from Indian revolutionaries, no real understanding has existed between them, just as it would be a mistake to suppose that because the Labour Party and Indian Nationalists alike are the constant objects of Soviet invective, either can be regarded as bulwarks against Bolshevism. Indeed, these apparent hostilities between so-called Extremists and Moderates serve to advance the aim both have in view, by inspiring public confidence in the character of the Moderates and enabling them to carry out their plans.

The Labour Party's policy of "full self-government and self-determination for India," put forward at its Annual Conference in 1927, was in perfect harmony with the Indian Nationalists' demands and far more calculated than the futile violence of the British Communists or the bomb throwing of the Girni Kamgar, to bring about the realisation of Moscow's great scheme—the overthrow of British rule in India. This was, indeed, the ultimate goal admitted by the Pandit Motilal Nehru, leader of the National Congress Party in the Indian Legislative Assembly, during his visit to England at the end of 1927. The Indian people, he declared, "desired unrestricted freedom," and he went on to say that "a period of transition must, in his opinion, precede the complete independence of India; and the Swarajists were prepared to accept Dominion status, because it carried with it the right of complete severance from the British Empire."

After his visit to England Motilal Nehru, together with his son Jawaharlal Nehru, leader of the "Young Indian Party," attended a Conference of the League against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism in Brussels.

The origins of this organisation were given in the earlier chapter of this book, entitled "The Surrender to Sinn Fein," where it was shown that the plan of rallying all the enemies of the British Empire in the East had been carried out by the Germans through the association known as the V.V.V. or League of Oppressed Peoples, working in conjunction with the German-Irish Society, and it was stated that in January 1920 a joint meeting of the two bodies took place at the house of Count Reventlow, attended by a number of seditious Turks, Egyptians and Indians, at which a plan was drawn up for an International League against British and French Imperialism. Moscow now began to take an interest in the movement, the headquarters of which, however, remained in Berlin, and it was here that on February 10, 1926, it came into the open under the name of the "League against Colonial Oppression." This date, on which a Congress was held in conjunction with the W.I.R. (Workers' International Relief), which also had, and still has, its headquarters in Berlin, has been regarded as the date of foundation of the League. In reality, as has been shown, its origins went a great deal further back, and the Congress of February 10, 1926, constituted merely a reorganisation of the League more directly under the auspices of Moscow. The W.I.R., "League against Atrocities in Syria" and the "German League of Civil Rights," which took part in this Congress, were in fact avowedly Communist bodies, and the newly organised "League against Colonial Oppression" was duly entered in the register of the Third International as one of the "sympathising mass organisations" for carrying out its propaganda.

*Previous extracts were published on May 20, 27; June 3, 10, 17, 24; July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; August 5, 12, 19, 26; Sept. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Oct. 7, 14, 21, 28; Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30; Jan. 6 and 13.*

## Peak XV

### The Houston-Everest Flight

**T**HE old story runs that one day, in 1885, a Bengali computer rushed into the office of the head of the India Survey crying, "Oh, Sir! Oh, Sir! I have discovered the highest mountain in the world!"

Whether the tale be true or not, until, in that year, the height of Everest was measured by triangulation it was shown on an almost blank map as a black dot and prosaically labelled "Peak XV."

"First Over Everest" \* is a composite work of four members of the recent Houston Expedition, with an additional chapter by the Gaumont-British film representative. The book gives a very clear impression both of the conditions of the actual flights and the extraordinary preparations which were necessary to ensure success.

For some time a few adventurous people had toyed vaguely with the idea of flying over Everest; but financial obstacles prevented the formation of

Only one engine, a super-charger, radial, air-cooled type, was capable of maintaining its efficiency at the necessary height. This engine was, therefore, the keystone of the subsequent complicated plans. An aeroplane had to be found to which this engine could be fitted, but many other technical problems had to be gone into before the actual machines could be selected. Eventually a Westland P.V.3 (an experimental bombing machine) and a Westland Wallace were chosen.

In the meantime much other work had been accomplished. Permission to fly over Nepal had been obtained. Arrangements for fuel supply had been made. Innumerable instruments and cameras had been tested.

These tests were no light matters. Everything had to work in temperatures varying from a hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit at the Purnea landing ground to anything up to ninety



The medal specially struck by the Société de Géographie of France to commemorate the Houston-Mount Everest Flight and presented to Lady Houston.

anything like a definite plan, and nothing concrete was decided upon until, in October, 1932, Lady Houston decided to finance such an expedition.

Lady Houston had for long foreseen that our vacillating policy in India would be interpreted by the natives as a sign of British decadence, and she realised that a dramatic gesture was urgently needed to demonstrate to these peoples that British brains and British courage were still pre-eminent. Nothing seemed to her to meet the situation so well as a flight over the mighty Everest; so, having decided to support this venture, she saw that the preparations were hastened forward without delay.

degrees of frost over Everest. Cameras had to be electrically heated as well as the supplies of spare films. The pilots and observers had to be fitted with electrically heated suits, boots, goggles and gloves, and accustomed to the use of the cumbersome oxygen apparatus.

The oxygen itself had to be prepared with special care and made as anhydrous as human ingenuity could make it. Otherwise, in the event of a temporary failure of the electric current, the oxygen delivery valves would have frozen and the men become unconscious. This risk was never entirely eliminated.

The two large Westland machines were shipped to India by sea and assembled at Karachi by the R.A.F., and the whole company, together with three moth aeroplanes, eventually established itself at Purnea, South of the Nepalese frontier.

There followed some waiting for suitable conditions; but on April 3rd, 1933, the report of the Indian Meteorologist was favourable enough to justify an attempt, and the two machines set off, piloted by Lord Clydesdale and Flight-Lieutenant McIntyre respectively.

That this was no child's play can be seen from the fact that each observer had a list of forty-six duties to perform, some of them involving a constant watch on the instrument board. The voltmeter, for example, had not to show more than fifteen volts nor less than thirteen or the oxygen supply might have frozen, with disastrous results.

In addition to this, the observer had to lie prone on the cockpit floor to attend to the vertical survey camera, make allowances for wind drift, stand up to take oblique photographs over the side, to say nothing of taking odd cinematograph shots.

Bad luck dogged the first flight. The ground haze, usually clear at 5,000 feet, continued till 19,000 feet, with the result that the pilots were unable to identify any landmarks and the vertical survey photographs were useless.

Approaching Everest, disaster nearly overtook Clydesdale's machine, which struck an air pocket and dropped like a stone for fifteen hundred feet. It seemed that the Westland must hit the mountain; but Clydesdale managed to rise again and cleared the summit by a bare hundred feet.

Over the crest a hundred-mile-an-hour gale was raging. The great "Plume" which had mystified scientists proved to be a hurtling stream of ice fragments, which cracked the observation panels of the fuselage. Clydesdale had a terrific battle to turn the machine, which seemed for a moment to be unable to make any headway. However, all went well and both aeroplanes arrived safely home.

Later, more satisfactory survey photographs were secured. D.L.L.

\**First Over Everest.* Illustrated. John Lane. 10s. 6d.

## Our British Symphonists

### The Broadcast Festival and Its Moral

By Herbert Hughes

THERE was something a little salutary in the fact that the first performance of Arnold Bax's magnificent Fifth Symphony (which is dedicated to Sibelius) escaped the tournament of British Music broadcast by the B.B.C. On Monday of this week it was the conspicuous event at the Courtauld-Sargent concert conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. I was only able to hear it on final rehearsal, but that much was enough to leave no doubt in my mind that Bax has given us another masterpiece of an intensely personal and arresting kind.

I say it was salutary because on this occasion a native work of importance was heard in company with compositions of such different calibre, as Sibelius's *Tapiola* and Chabrier's *España*; and it was precisely the segregation of British works at the recent broadcast festival that, in my opinion and in the opinion of many others, defeated the whole charming idea. No one can doubt the good intentions of the department responsible for so patriotic a scheme, just as no one can doubt that this was about the last thing that the British composer wanted.

A very few years ago Dr. Vaughan Williams wrote a letter to *The Times* protesting against a "British composers' night" at the Proms., just after they had been taken over by the B.B.C. He pointed out that if British music was worth its salt (or words to that effect) it was wrong-headed to place it in that sort of category; it should be

allowed to come into the open and take its chances with other standard works. It was a brave letter to come from one so notoriously unselfish and modest, and there can be no doubt he spoke for others, senior and junior to himself.

This recent tournament of concentrated native music, spread over two weeks, was the glorified realisation of the notion Vaughan Williams so eloquently opposed in the letter I refer to. One knows that empty seats at Queen's Hall agitate the B.B.C. no more than does a drought in Turkestan; it is the potential number of listeners in that matters, and alone matters, provided there is no mighty protest from those who don't want to listen-in. And if there is no mighty protest nothing will save the British composer from another patriotic tournament of this kind, perhaps before the year is out.

This docketing of British composers like so many specimens of curious fauna in a Zoo is a procedure that can only have a rather negative result—if, indeed, the result is not positively harmful. In the ordinary way we shall have plenty of opportunities of listening to *Cockaigne*, to Mackenzie's *Brittania*, to Lambert's *Rio Grande*, and so on. Neither Elgar nor Delius, neither Holst nor Vaughan Williams, Bax nor Goossens can complain of neglect; they have long since won their places in international programmes—at least at home. On the other hand, a highly individual



work like Arthur Benjamin's Violin Concerto (in which Brosa was so brilliant a soloist the other evening) is a definite European achievement, worthy of a place in any serious scheme of international music; and the same may be said of certain other works of Ireland, Bliss, Moeran, and so on, which should be heard not in relation to each other as examples of "British" music, but in relation to anything and everything good, classic or modern, from Germany, the Argentine or the Isle of Man.

### A Scholar's Symphony

I have often asked myself what sort of music Vaughan Williams would be writing to-day if he had never discovered modal harmony and had never heard a folk-song, or knew that such things existed. I am now asking myself what sort of music Mr. R. O. Morris would be writing if he had never heard of Vaughan Williams. Mr. Morris distinguished himself a few years ago by writing a very independent, very able book on 16th century counterpoint. He immediately established himself as a free-thinking scholar—a type we can hardly have too much of. As he proceeded from thesis to demonstration, one naturally asked oneself whether a free-thinking scholar could also be a free-thinking composer. Since scholar-

ship and the creative urge do not always inhabit the same person, I had my doubts. Amongst the first performances at this British festival has been Mr. Morris's "Symphony in D," dedicated, naturally, to Vaughan Williams.

As I listened, my doubts did not decrease. All the scholarship we had expected was there, full to overflowing. Like other critics, I promptly decided that Mr. Morris is a very good craftsman: that much was safe. I also decided, recklessly, that I ought to hear the work at least once more before being pontifical about it. Its performance that evening, under Adrian Boult, was followed immediately by Delius's *Song of the High Hills*. I did not ask myself why men are so differently gifted: the question is static, as the answer. I did not say to myself that this music of Delius fills one with the sort of reverential humility one experiences on remembering the genius that lies behind a Shakespeare sonnet or the terrific serenity of mind that went to the painting of that ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. That emotion on listening to Delius was familiar. But I said to myself that Mr. Morris's *Symphony in D* did not seem to take him further than the foot-hills of Parnassus. Did it, in fact, take him much further than the top of those steps that lead from Prince Consort Road to the Albert Hall?

## A Sportsman's Epitaph

IT is with sadness that I review the gayest of all books, these vivid sketches of the small man's sport; for I think inevitably of the days when General Jelf was second in command at the "Shop" and I was a youthful Gentleman Cadet; of those little dinners, in company with one or two other Old Etonians, with the "C.O.2" and his wife; of his humorously phrased words of wisdom and his knack of putting boys at their ease.

Though the subjects in this volume embrace stalking, grouse, partridges, the "Guineas," Lords, Ascot, Polo, and even London, it is essentially the book of the small man, that true sportsman who has to count every penny, who spends each season in constant, anxious watch over the robbly legs of his "quod," who jumps at a chance mount in a steeplechase, and takes his shooting when and where he can. General Jelf has said some scathing things about the modern point-to-point with which one must agree.

The writer is sometimes severe, but always just: he laughs gaily at the riders in the Row and tilts slyly at Sir Walter Gilbey, while he scores the peculiar genus of hunt ball hunting men and lashes out at modern batsmen who complain of fast bowling on the leg side.

But the charm of this book for me is his love of horses and his sympathy with his fellows. Here you see the small sportsman at his best, the young couple looking wistfully at their two bays and flea-bitten grey which they have nursed through seasons with personal devotion. "Of course she's

secretly hoping that they won't fetch their small reserve, while he's trying to hide from her that he doesn't know what the — they're going to do if they don't. Good hunting!"

And there is the Wizard. "Thirty-two guineas is what I gave." The Wizard, turned out during the Summer, so sluggish on the road—and then the great day. "Of course he knew at once, the moment I put a saddle on him. He was a changed horse. . . .

"Now, old man," I murmured, "what about it?"

"One look, that was all, he balanced himself and bore down upon it. . . . Two fences had made a red letter day long before sandwich time. The rest could wait."

What a picture of the small man!

Gallant band of small men! What could they not tell of glorious acquisitions and poignant partings? Wilfred Jelf depicts both with the insight of his sort.

And once he pays a graceful tribute to a lady. "But you've lived up to the tradition all right; and there's hardly a hunt in the country that hasn't seen you going great guns at the top—till fate came along and put you at the top of the handicap too."

It is also his own epitaph.

D.L.L.

*Sport in Silhouette.* By the late Wilfred Jelf. Illustrated by Gilbert Holiday. Constable. 10s. 6d.

## Two Good Friends of England

[REVIEWED BY ROBERT MACHRAY]

**P**UBLISHED simultaneously, these two books\* may well be taken together for review, as they present among other things many observations on the various aspects of our national life by two very good, but not indiscriminating, friends of this country—M. Jusserand, a former French Ambassador at Washington, and Sir James Lacaita, whom Charles, his son and biographer, calls an Italian Englishman, and indeed accuses of "chronic Anglomania."

Jusserand's interest in England began when as a boy of ten he read Scott's "Ivanhoe," but his actual acquaintance with the country dated from 1875-76; during that period he made a tour which included the Highlands. He returned to London in 1887 as Counsellor of the French Embassy, and spent three years there, combining with his work a keen participation in the social and literary activities of the Victorian period.

The chapter on this part of his career is perhaps the most important, certainly the most entertaining, in the book; it has many shrewd hits—for instance, speaking of Lord Salisbury's indifference to his personal appearance, Jusserand remarks: "His clothes hung upon him anyhow; he seemed to be satisfied with any sort, provided they were not the fashion; his top-hat always had the appearance of having been purposely brushed the wrong way."

### A Great Figure

In 1890 Jusserand went back to Paris, but his particular interest in England was maintained for some years by his being head of the Northern Department of the French Foreign Office. Later he held various high diplomatic posts, his success culminating in the Washington Embassy, in which he was a great figure. And there he died, leaving this autobiography unfinished; but fortunately there is a good deal of it, all delightful reading.

Lord Rennell contributes an Introduction to the biography of Sir James Lacaita, as he was known in England, or Senatore Giacomo Lacaita, as he became in Italy. Of him Lord Rennell writes:—

With a mentality which, from association, became entirely British when he was with his English and Scottish friends, he could yet revert to the type of the old-fashioned southern Italian gentleman when he returned to his native province, and he was, as perhaps no one else could be, the ideal interpreter of one nation to the other.

Lacaita was on terms of close intimacy with Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and other very prominent people in this country, and he knew Cavour, Crispi, Prosper Merimée, Guizot, Hans Andersen, and hosts of other foreigners—a whole gallery of distinguished men. What he has to say about them is said in a pleasant, gossipy way. Of more serious interest is the fresh light that he throws on the *Risorgimento*, as his testimony is

that of one who took an active part in the movement for Italian liberation.

\* *What Me Befell*: Reminiscences of Jules Jusserand. Constable. 15s.

*An Italian Englishman*: Sir James Lacaita. By Charles Lacaita. Grant Richards. 15s.

## Little Ships

**N**O other sport is quite akin to yachting in the variety of enjoyment it offers. Whether you sail single-handed, or in partnership, the possibility of fitting your programme to the mood of the day is always there. And it is a healthy pastime, probably more so than any other.

A yacht sounds a very grand thing to own. It is looked on as a rich man's toy. Mr. Cooke has gone very carefully into the economics of small sailing ships in his book,\* and he lays the bogey very effectively. According to his estimate, it should not cost more than £42 to run a five-tonner throughout the season. This sum includes the cost of fitting out, interest on the capital cost of the boat, insurance, and the various small expenses likely to be incurred in repairs, renovations, etc.

My own experience tallies with that of Mr. Cooke, except that I think he errs slightly on the generous side. For a reasonably careful seaman who will do most of his fitting-out and minor repairs himself, the cost of running and maintaining a five-tonner need not exceed £35 per annum. To be added to this, of course, is the cost of catering and fares to and from the yacht, but these are not as a rule very heavy for a small boat.

There is very much more in this book than economics. It is packed with information and hints for the amateur yachtsman, and should prove an inestimable boon to the ever-growing band of small yacht owners. But Mr. Cooke is a well-known sailor, and it is only to be expected that his book should be so.

### Recollections

Mr. Kirkpatrick has written a jolly book. "Little Ship Wanderings" is extremely attractive reading and whets the appetite deliciously. Here are reminiscences of glorious sailing days, of dirty weather in the Channel, of a cruise to the North of Spain, of three ocean races round the Fastnet and one across the Atlantic. It is a book which will make even the confirmed landlubber enthusiastic and give him dreams of white sails and of the sparkle of blue waters. To anyone who knows, it brings back the kick of the tiller and the patter of the reef points against the sail and the phosphorescence of the bow-wave as the water creams away. We can forget our little cares and worries in the pages of this book. Thank you, Mr. Kirkpatrick.

\* *Week-end Yachting*. By F. B. Cooke. Arnold. 12s. 6d.

*Little Ship Wanderings*. By J. B. Kirkpatrick. Arnold. 7s. 6d.

## Study of Fascism

### The Corporate State

[REVIEWED BY P. K. KEMP]

**M**ORE and more countries, tired of outworn political dogmas, are turning towards some brand of Fascism as a star to which they are hitching their National Wagon. It is not, perhaps, so surprising a thing as it may appear. Fascism is, by nature of the clarity of its organisation, the antithesis of National and political chaos.

Many countries have flirted, or are flirting, with disorder and ruin, and each one, when on the brink, has saved itself by the adoption of some brand of Corporative government. Even in this country Fascism has a host of followers, and the appearance of these two books\* is timely.

Mr. Munro has written an able history of Italian Fascism, tracing it from its foundation in the "Risorgimento" movement of Garibaldi and Mazzini, to the pinnacle of world opinion on which it stands to-day. That the history of this movement is intensely interesting goes without saying. No story of a new creed, a new culture and a new economy could be otherwise. That the story is significant in its lesson is also obvious.

We can all remember the amount of weight carried by Italy just after the war in the council of Nations. It is now a very different state of affairs, as witness the general trek of statesmen to Rome in the early months of last year when Europe was tormented with rumours and rumblings of war.

#### Intricacies of the System

Mr. Goad, Director of the British Institute of Florence, and Miss Currey, Secretary of the London Group for the Study of the Corporate State, have between them produced a small book which claims to be "neither an attack nor a defence of Fascism but an objective description of a novel political experiment in natural co-operation." Both the objects of Corporate Government and the methods of achieving these objects are set out clearly without comment, and I know of no source where a better exposition can be found.

There is one point, however, that should be made clear about this book. As its title indicates, it does not set out to give more than the methods of government under this system. No account is taken of the philosophy of Fascism and no appreciation of this doctrine would be complete without a knowledge and understanding of the cultural and philosophic basis on which the Corporate State is built. But for what it sets out to do, this little book is admirable. It is a model of clarity and conciseness.

\* *Through Fascism to World Power.* By Ion S. Munro. Macellose. 12s. 6d.

*The Working of a Corporate State.* By Harold E. Goad and Muriel Currey. Nicholson & Watson. 25s.

## Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink

**T**HE "Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink" is really several volumes in one, an anthology of the culinary art—in short, a cook-book from several new angles. Years of experience, experiment and discovery must have gone to the composition of this symposium on the neglected art of what the author calls looking after "Number One." It is, incidentally, a delightful, commonplace book of gastronomy, and its charm is enhanced by the apt and amusing illustrations of Mr. Hendy.

"The Gourmet" has a confiding style, the sort of style which goes so well in after-dinner conversation, and he starts his day (and his book) with a comfortable and appetising breakfast. Advocating a light luncheon, the Gourmet nevertheless admits that succulent dish, the "Carpet-bag Steak" and also praises a dish now rather out of favour, rabbit pie; but the pie must be well cooked and, to ensure this, he adds a tasty recipe for it.

Salads are then treated with intelligence and respect, oysters and cheese have each their chapter, and some of the information on game and poultry is taken from a manuscript cook-book of two hundred years ago. The author has some pleasant notions to suggest when he includes a chapter on "vulgar" dishes, with tripe, pigs' trotters, eels, red herrings and cow-heel, and another chapter on "The Hair of the Dog," with appropriate early-morning instructions. The reader who gives serious and experimental attention to the sections entitled "In My Cups" and "Punch" may well require some good recipe "to remove the beehive from my overwrought brain," as William the Conqueror is said to have complained on the morning after a feast. I cannot praise the chapter on meals aboard ship, because liner menus only impress me when I read them before going aboard: after that the food always seems to me tasteless. This is altogether a very agreeable addition to the modern cook's library.

P.R.S.

*Gourmet's Book of Food and Drink*, with illustrations by Hendy. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

## Indian Village Life

Few knew more of India than the late Mrs. Steele, who was the wife of a District Commissioner and spent twenty-two years in the country. Penetrating studies of village life and behind the Purdah. One wonders how some of the author's characters would use the vote.

o *Indian Scene.* Collected short stories by Flora Annie Steele. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.



## Correspondence

### No Republican Caiaphas!

SIR,—Once again the Labour Party through the lips of Sir Stafford Cripps, the Solicitor-General in the last Labour Government, has let the electors know that one of the basic elements of its political faith is the abolition of the Monarchy. It was not long ago that Mr. Laski, a prominent member of the Labour Party, who signed the principal nomination paper of Mr. Wilmot, the Labour M.P. for East Fulham, had the temerity to tell British people that the Socialism of the Labour Party was not compatible with the Monarchy.

It is true that Sir Stafford, after thinking aloud for the rest of his party, tried to make amends by giving his words, with the aid of his legal abilities, a different meaning. But let the electors not make a mistake. The specious arguments used by the Socialists, their ever-ready solicitude for the under-dog are all subterfuges to lead the electors on until they unwittingly find themselves in the bog of Soviet Socialism.

Whom have we to thank for this subversive propaganda put about under the cloak of democracy but the present inept National Government led by the notorious internationalist Mr. MacDonald. Certain interests attempt to intimidate the electors into upholding this so-called National Government by exploiting the fear of a "Socialist Dictatorship." Many people think that, to take only one instance, the electors are blind to the betrayal of the Empire by Mr. Baldwin's concurrence with the MacDonald Indian Policy.

British people, always loyal to their King and Country, will not look to any timid, insincere party politician to rescue them if the Socialists attempt to substitute a republican Caiaphas for His most Excellent Majesty the King. They will act themselves.

To Sir Stafford and his clique I say "Try it."

HUGH H. WRIGHT.

67A, High Street, Plumstead, S.E.18.

["Sir Cripps," as they call him in France, has deceived no one with his explanations and we also say "Try it." But we add the warning, "Look out if you do!"—ED., S.R.]

### Lunacy Law Reform

SIR,—As you remark, the recent case of mistaken identity gives one furiously to think. That such a thing is possible proves conclusively that the present machinery is unfit for use in a civilised country. Not the slightest attempt was made to ascertain whether the victim spoke the truth or not!

An important official of the Middlesex County Council said: "You can take it as definite that the proper machinery was employed." Then it is high time that this machinery was scrapped and that a sane lunacy code was introduced, in accordance with the recommendation of the Royal Commission.

It is hoped that the public will support this Society in its work for radical reform, for the above case brings home the fact that no one is safe!

FRANCIS J. WHITE.

Secretary.

National Society for Lunacy Law Reform.

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### The Assyrian Atrocities

SIR,—The excellent article by "Kim" on the Assyrian atrocities exposes the responsibility of recent British Governments for the disaster which has overtaken our loyal friends.

Under the terms of the existing Anglo-Iraqi treaty Great Britain is obliged to render armed assistance to the Iraq Government should it become involved in hostilities with another State, and the treaty also visualises similar support in the event of internal disturbances.

The Iraq Government, which is democratic only in name, was imposed upon that country by Great Britain and is by no means generally popular with the Arab and Kurdish tribal chiefs (particularly the latter), whose followers are well-armed with modern rifles and on whom the security of Iraq really depends. The tribes, however, have not been ill-disposed towards Great Britain, and it is our actual or potential support of the politicians who constitute the Iraq Government which enables it to maintain its authority.

It seems to be the view of those who know Iraq that, in these circumstances, the British representative at Baghdad should be able to insist upon just administration and adequate redress for the survivors of the massacres. If this view is not correct the Anglo-Iraqi treaty should be terminated or revised at the earliest possible moment. Would it not be sheer insanity if we were bound unconditionally to support a few Oriental politicians over whom we have no control, who have broken their promises to the Assyrians, whose agents have behaved in the manner of savages towards our sincere friends and who are liable to involve us at any time in widespread hostilities or a regular war?

However, this may be, it is of urgent importance that we should be given a full and clear explanation of British policy towards the Iraq Government and of the moral principles upon which it is based.

A. E. HANFORD.

The Royal Societies Club, St. James's Street,  
London, S.W.1.

[Once upon a time we were proud of keeping our promises. In these days, however, it seems more fashionable to break them.—ED., S.R.]

### "A Matter of Shekels"

SIR,—The writer of the paragraph in your issue of January 6th, with regard to the recent Rothschild wedding, is labouring under a delusion. It is not a "matter of Shekels." No sum, large or small, is asked from a proselyte to Judaism of either sex. It would be interesting to know where your writer found this strange suggestion, which has not the slightest foundation of truth. If they so desire, there is nothing to prevent parties to a mixed marriage, whether Rothschilds or not, going before the Registrar, without any change of religion.

Should they, however, desire the ceremony to take place according to Jewish rites, both the Synagogue as well as the Law of the Land, requires that they should both be recognised as Jews, or the ceremony performed by the Rabbi is illegal and invalid both by Jewish Ecclesiastical and English Civil Law. And this applies to all Jews, without exception.

MICHAEL ADLER.

38, Hallam Street, Portland Place,  
London, W.1.

### A Correction

SIR,—You recently described Mr. Arthur Henderson as a strait-laced Baptist. I have known of him as a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher for over 30 years. If he is now a Baptist, he must have made the change in an incredibly short space of time and most recently you will find the full account of his honours and labours in the "Who's Who of Methodism" on page 330 under the heading of Lay Officers.

(REV.) JOSEPH DAWSON.

7, Wycombe Gardens, N.W.11.

## Early Spring Cruises

### Seeking Sunshine

**W**ITH the departure of the West Indies and Africa cruises in late January the winter cruising season enters upon its fourth and last phase—and incidentally its latest development. For, whereas these longer cruises together with their round-the-world extensions meet a half century old demand of the more leisured and well-to-do travelling public to whom this form of cruising is generally a part of their regular social activities, the voyages arranged to cover the period between the beginning of February and Easter are of more recent birth and have, as the majority of their patrons, a wider clientele who find in them the rest and recuperation their system demands after resisting the business worries and climatic attacks of the first half of winter. They are in fact "early holiday" cruises and this appellation is particularly appropriate to the Easter cruises, which end the phase and form the connecting link between the winter and summer seasons.

Eliminating all cruises whose duration included the Easter holidays, we find that two years ago three February cruises carried 1,050 passengers, last year (when Easter was very late) nine cruises had 3,600 supporters, and this year there are five cruises catering for some 2,250 sun-seekers.

Although the unreliability of Mediterranean weather during the month of January has rightly caused shipping companies to look for sunshine for their patrons in the West Indies, South America and Africa, February and March have a better reputation, and four of the five cruises are to Mediterranean ports.

The first ship to sail is the Canadian Pacific liner "Duchess of Atholl" which leaves Liverpool on February 15th for an eighteen days cruise to Cadiz, Barcelona, Monaco, Naples, Palermo and Palma. Then follows the new 27,000 tons White Star Motor Liner "Britannic" on February 17th, also from Liverpool. This vessel will be engaged on a more ambitious cruise of thirty-two days, which embraces in addition to calls at Palma, Villefranche, Palermo, Naples and Tangier, also visits to Greece, Cyprus and the Holy Land.

The pre-Easter March cruises are of somewhat shorter duration and commence with the Lamport & Holt Liner "Voltaire" from Liverpool on March 3rd, which in eighteen days visits North Africa, Spain, Italy, Sicily and Portugal. On March 8th the "Duchess of Atholl" sets forth again from Liverpool on a sixteen days voyage to Tangier, Naples, Monaco, Barcelona, and Palma. Finally there is the Cunard Liner "Laconia" which leaves Southampton on March 10th. This vessel will not enter the Mediterranean but, during her sixteen days voyage, calls at Spain, Gibraltar, North Africa and the Atlantic Islands.

All the above five cruises return to England before Easter and passengers on the later cruises will thus have the opportunity of acclimatising themselves to shore conditions during this extra holiday before taking up again their daily work.

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## The Life Boat Man

The distress light of a rocket  
Signalled help from the raging sea,  
As the Life Boat of St. Saviour's  
Rode out so gallantly  
To fight the furious tempest  
In a combat for life or death;  
The crew they pulled together  
In prayer beneath their breath.

The chill wind howled its fury  
As cloudwards rose each wave—  
Its victims know no jury—  
Leaving behind a trougghened grave;  
Then rising once more skywards,  
Then sinking back to hell,  
The Life Boat men pulled onwards.  
So far it was "All's well."

The grey dawn heralded the morn  
With the majesty of light,  
And out at sea all was forlorn,  
Nothing floating was in sight.  
Below the cliffs there march two men,  
Heads bowed, towards the stran';  
Their stretcher holds the sad Amen,  
It is a Life Boat Man.

R.S.S.

Read . . .

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The Association endeavours generally to co-ordinate the activities of the various societies which are in existence for the benefit of ex-officers and their families.

Cash donations and gifts of clothing will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, at 8, Eaton Square, S.W.1.

**The Theatre****"The Tempest"****Success and Disappointment****By PRINCE NICOLAS GALITZINE**

**T**HE more one goes to see Shakespeare, the more one wonders at people bothering to write plays. They will never equal him in profundity of thought, in possible variations of characterisation, nor in elasticity of productional interpretation. Tyrone Guthrie, at Sadler's Wells, chose a medium for "The Tempest" that in no way offends the original, and is pleasing to the "modern." The full beauty of the mystical atmosphere, that serves Shakespeare to show his optimism towards the human race through Prospero's exploits, in view of the latter's extraordinary opportunities—stands out crystal clear, unhampered by trappings, unobscured by wanted conventionality. The delicate touch in handling one of the most wondrous love scenes ever depicted would surely secure the approbation of the Master.

The treatment, however, is but a secondary consideration as far as the public is concerned. They go to see the stars, particularly if they are of Charles Laughton's magnitude and unquestionable talent. This time, sad to relate, they were disappointed. Somehow Laughton never grasps the sonorous rhythm that is always present in Elizabethan drama. Instead, to give emphasis, sometimes he drops his voice where he should lift it even to the point of mouthing, and is generally slow with his periods. His gestures are over styled and tend to be unforgivably noticeable.

**Male Actors Eclipsed**

Elsa Lanchester gives the most wonderful performance as Ariel I have ever witnessed. I would like to go again and again to see her fluent gestures and crisp movement, conveying so well the nature of an elemental spirit, and hear the tone of her voice detached, unhuman, but ever now and again betraying an involuntary affection for her master. She is superb, and, together with Ursula Jeans, who makes a living Miranda indeed "worth what's dearest in the world," they certainly eclipse the male actors.

Alonzo (Marius Goring) is sad and imperious, but unimpressive; Gonzalo (Evan John) gives a demonstration of pure recitation without capturing the sympathy of his audience; while Caliban, the centre-thought of the play, is poorly worked up. Roger Livesey does not look "a savage and deformed slave" and instead of helping Lawrence Baskcomb with his comedy ought to interpret the message of humanity's suffering, blindness and progress that is so clearly at the disposal of its sub-human prototype.



## Broadcasting News

### Mr. Churchill Airs his Views

By ALAN HOWLAND

**I**T is a truism to say that some people are born lucky. Perhaps the fact that the B.B.C. was somewhat hurriedly incubated before it was discovered under a raspberry bush by its five million dotting parents has given it an even greater share of luck than usual.

For consider. Some time ago Mr. Winston Churchill received a polite rebuff when he requested an opportunity to express over the microphone his views on the Indian situation. Later on he was not allowed to participate in the series of talks, "The Debate Continues." Now, there are four main reasons for refusing anyone the permission to broadcast: (i) because he has a bad voice, (ii) because he is not an authority on his subject, (iii) because he is likely to tell lies, and (iv) because he is likely to tell the truth. In the case of Mr. Churchill, it is not difficult to make up one's mind which of these reasons actuated the B.B.C. in its decision.

At last, however, Mr. Churchill was invited to air his views in the series "Whither England?" It was not a particularly daring step to take since, as the title of the series suggests, the views expressed are more likely to be in the nature of prophecy than of policy. Still, in view of the fact that Mr. Churchill's manuscript was not to be "vetted" by any of the B.B.C. officials it must have been with considerable trepidation that the various members of the Talks department heard his name announced over the microphone.

But the traditional luck of the B.B.C. held. Mr. Churchill instead of fulminating against everybody and everything, as he had been expected to do, roared as gently as any sucking dove. True he took a distinctly unfavourable view of the policy of abandoning India and he displayed a wholesome fear that, in the event of our being attacked by any of our neighbours, we should be unable adequately to defend ourselves. But to most intelligent people these views have almost passed beyond the radius of controversy and are admitted as unassailable facts. The dovescotes therefore remained comparatively unflustered and the B.B.C. no doubt congratulated itself on emerging from a difficult situation unscathed.

My own opinion, however, is that Mr. Churchill won his round with the B.B.C. and is now leading comfortably on points. Having been given a purely fictitious reputation by the B.B.C. of a man whom it is dangerous to let loose on the ether, he has conclusively proved that he is no such thing, and since he did not abuse his privilege there is now no earthly reason why he should not be invited to express his views on any topic whatever. Perhaps Mr. Churchill had this in mind. I rather think he had.

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# The Sixty per cent. Dollar

## President Roosevelt's Scheme

[By Our City Editor]

**T**HE dollar cannot finally be stabilised at more than 60 per cent. of its former par value. Such is the scheme evolved by President Roosevelt whereby, without stabilising definitely or tying America to a stable policy, he can at once snatch the major portion of the profit which stabilisation would bring from the writing up of the gold stocks of the United States to their new value in depreciated dollars. The move was sufficiently astute to take the City somewhat by surprise, for it had not been foreseen how the President could obtain the means for financing his huge schemes of relief without resorting to definite stabilisation, and it was hoped that Mr. Roosevelt's needs would lead to a move in this direction. Now, however, the U.S. Treasury will make a paper profit of something like \$3,400,000,000, of which \$2,000,000,000 (£400,000,000) is to be devoted to establishing an exchange fund which is presumably to be used in preventing the natural appreciation in the dollar.

It would be a tragedy for U.S.A., for Great Britain, and for the world in general, if this fund were to be used in any way in opposition to the British Exchange Equalisation Fund, and one can only hope that agreement will be reached between London and New York as to future exchange policy, though it is difficult to see how the British authorities can acquiesce in keeping the dollar at well above its former parity rate with sterling. It would seem that the only alternative to a currency war is a mutual understanding for its avoidance, and this at any rate would be a step towards stabilisation.

### Stock Exchange Effects

As regards the Stock Markets, the immediate effect of the latest Roosevelt move was to cause, as expected, a sharp rise in gold-mining shares, for the French Exchange moved sharply against sterling and the price of gold shot up to within distance of last year's high record. But interest in the Kaffir market has been almost wholly professional of late, and this unhealthy position led to immediate profit-taking. The Stock Exchange is notorious for its inability to take a long view of affairs, and thus each movement of the French Exchange, on which the price of gold is determined, causes corresponding rises or falls in gold share prices. Roosevelt's dollar devaluation

scheme must be taken as a fresh "bull" point for gold mining shares in the long run, however, for the following facts stand out.

First, the American President has mentioned the ultimate return to a metallic standard, thus making certain, so far as this country is concerned, that the future market for gold is assured. Second, he is determined to use gold purchases to assist in obtaining the required 40 per cent. devaluation of the dollar, ensuring an immediate active market for the metal. Third, he is writing up his stock of gold to a new high level in terms of dollars, making permanent the price of gold at or above the present level. By his severe devaluation of the dollar in terms of gold, he is also making it impossible for Great Britain to stabilise the £ eventually at anything above its present gold level or the exchange balance would be too heavily in favour of U.S.A. Against these points in favour of gold-mining securities we have only the prospect in the far-distant future of a rise in prices, wages and mining costs which will discount the higher price of gold. Meanwhile the mines must make proportionately higher profits, and one cannot help feeling that before conditions settle down gold-mining shares are due for another "boom."

### London Discount Profits

The importance of the London Discount houses is realised by few outside the City, for their work is of an intermediary nature. But they provide the means for the financing of Britain's foreign trade and also render other financial services of a highly specialised nature. The past year has been a difficult one for the Discount Market, for the low level of money rates and the Government's debt manœuvres have resulted, when taken in conjunction with the trade depression which renders the supply of bills scarce, in the discount rate being for long periods below the rate at which loans have been obtainable, this meaning that the ordinary business of discounting bills could not be continued at a profit. It is therefore of particular interest to note the manner in which the three great discount companies—the Union Discount Company of London, National Discount Company and Alexander's Discount Company—have by skilful management weathered the storm and produced results which must be extremely gratifying to shareholders.

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## The Cinema

By MARK FORREST

**T**HE French film version of "The Late Christopher Bean" is as different from the American as chalk from cheese, which is just as well, but if it faithfully follows the original French play then the English stage adaptation is an excellent piece of work; for "Prenez Garde à la Peinture" has a weak ending, quite unworthy of the satirical comedy which proceeds it.

The film is all talk, but the acting is so sure and the characterisation so admirable that one's interest is held in spite of the poverty of the pictorial values.

Comparisons between the performances of Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans on the stage and their French counterparts in the picture are bound to be made. Good as Cedric Hardwicke's acting is, I found Aquistapace's touch greatly to my liking; he has more of the unfailing urbanity of the country doctor, and manages to convey the essential simplicity of the man with greater con-

viction. The maid-of-all-work, played by Charlotte Clasis, is also a more natural piece of work.

The Cinema House, Oxford Circus, is also showing "Ombres sur L'Europe"; this is an interesting feature which demonstrates the anomalous position of the Polish Corridor.

More important than "Le Petit Roi" at the Rialto, in which the French boy, Robert Lynan of "Poil de Carotte" fame, gives another fine performance, is the film version of Mr. Schnitzler's well-known play, "Liebe lei," which comes to the Academy. This simple tragedy is magnificently directed by Mr. Ophüls and, with everyone in the cast giving a performance of rare distinction, the picture cannot fail to be among the dozen best of the entire year. Mr. Schnitzler's play, about the loves of a subaltern in Vienna, combines humour and drama in about equal proportions, and Mr. Ophüls has taken every advantage of his dialogue, but he has also succeeded in taking the play out of the theatre.

*Prenez Garde à la Peinture.* Directed by Henri Chomette. Cinema House, Oxford Circus.

*Liebe lei.* Directed by Max Ophüls. Academy.

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LIABILITIES		£	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts, including Reserve for Income Tax and Contingencies and Balance of Profit and Loss	366,873,557		
Balances in Account with Subsidiary Banks	11,886,215		
			378,759,772
Acceptances and Endorsements, &c., for account of Customers			7,191,741
Paid up Capital			15,858,217
Reserve Fund			10,250,000
ASSETS			
Cash in hand, and with the Bank of England			51,175,098
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection			11,074,088
Money at Call and Short Notice			21,383,300
Bills Discounted			59,953,329
Investments			98,145,737
Investments in Subsidiary Banks (at cost less amount written off) :—			
The British Linen Bank—£1,238,744 Stock			3,716,232
Union Bank of Manchester Limited—300,000 Shares of £5 each £2 10s. paid			750,000
Other Subsidiary Banks—(including fully paid Shares and 500,000 "B" Shares of £5 each, £1 per Share paid up, in Barclays Bank (Dominion Colonial and Overseas) and 1,000,000 Shares of £1 each, 5s. per share paid up, in Barclays Bank (France) Limited)			2,237,899
Advances to Customers and other Accounts			148,835,468
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